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## NO-WONDERERS.

THERE is perhaps no two people in the world who receive a piece of information in exactly the same manner. Without regard to minute shades of distinction, mankind may be divided, in this respect, into two orders, the wonderers and the no-wonderers. The former are easily distinguished by the look of intense interest, the exclamations of surprise, the declarations that they never heard any such thing before, and many other symptoms too well known to require enumeration. The other class will be told of stricken battles and the deaths of kings, without betraying the least emotion, or so much as treating their informant to an "Is it possible?" There is a set of people, who, besides manifesting this coolness, always seem to be already acquainted with what is related to them. It is all one what you have to tell; it may be a fact which you supposed too minute, or one too recondite, or one too new, to have fallen under their notice; they are already quite familiar with it. A most notable specimen of this order of men chances to be one of my oldest friends; a man who has never been either a great traveller or a great student—has been confined, moreover, for some years, by a chronic disease to his own room, where I very seldom find him reading, and who yet never hears of any thing which he did not know before. Sorley, as this gentleman is named, possesses a peculiar imperturbability of face, highly necessary to him in his character of a no-wonderer. I was the first, as I am convinced, to inform him of the affair at Paris in July 1830; and can attest that he heard the intelligence with exactly the same face which he had exhibited the night before when I mentioned my having got a new eye-glass. Such events, which to others are so astounding, seem to him no more than what was to have been expected. He appears to have imagined the whole business before-hand, so that the event is to him quite a matter of course. Accordingly, when I expressed my surprise at so sudden a revolution, he remarked that "he had been looking for it a little earlier—fully a month ago"—and all this with a perfectly tranquil countenance, about forty seconds after having heard the news. No event of any kind has a greater effect upon him—it was just the way he thought things would go. And not only does he seem thus prepared for whatever takes place, but he always thinks whatever has taken place right. When any party, either single or plural, gains an advantage over another, let it be in a lawsuit, or a favourable vote, or a turn of affairs in the state, Sorley, in showing reasons for the event, becomes, for the time, the advocate and adherent of the successful party, and, of course, the opponent of the losing one, in whose character and conduct he sees, for the time, all kinds of reasons for their overthrow. "I had no good hopes," said John Gudeyill, on seeing Claverie's dragoons return defeated from Loudon Hill, "of that new-fangled way they have got of slinging their carabines." Sorley has the same intuitive genius for penetrating the surface of events, and detecting curious hidden sources of weakness in the fallen. He saw all along (after the event) how absurdly they went to work, what mistakes they committed, and how they were neglecting some of the things most apt to work in their favour. He has, at the same time, been equally clear-sighted about the good conduct and good chance of the victors. "Clever fellows those, sir—overlook nothing—always at their post—make no enemies—was long ago told they had the best case—how could it be otherwise?" In fact, one diploma from Fortune is, to Sorley, worth twenty from Merit. It may be asked, Is he of any party? Yes—the party of the preterite tense.

It is impossible, by any kind of intelligence, to sur-

prise this gentleman. The strangest tale of foreign adventure is lost upon him. If told that some prince of central Africa has arrested and killed an European traveller, "Oh, dreadful fellows down about Socatoo, there. That's just the way with them. I knew Clapperton a little between his first and second journey, and he told me all about them. Clapperton and I met at Ralston's—very pleasant parties always at Ralston's, you know. Ralston and I were at Winchester together—he afterwards married a girl that Digges knew very well—came from Nottinghamshire. A Miss Eccles I think they called her." And so on from one thing to another, never once reverting to the occurrence which suggested the discourse. Often have I been surprised, on any allusion being made to a place in Russian Asia, or South America, or any other very remote and almost unknown country, to hear Sorley start off in a disquisition about the geography of those climes, talking of "that great river, you know, which goes into the sea of Azef," or "that chain of hills between Chili and Bolivia," with the same easy supposition of a general knowledge of those places, which rests in the mind of a salesman of property, when he adverts to "that large house, No. 15, Grosvenor Square," or "that handsome villa on the banks of the Windermere." The secret truth is that he does not know much, but has a knack, like Jenkinson, of leading away the discourse to something which he does know—his only principle in conversation being, that nothing must seem beyond his ken. Even the numberless individuals who are alluded to in conversation—he must appear either to know them, or something about them, or something of their friends, or he must have heard his own friends speaking of them. And, to make this known, he will break up any tale which is in the course of being told. "Captain Pyper did you say? ah, I knew Pyper's cousin Tredgold very well. He was in the Royals, and went through the whole of the Peninsula business. Where do you think I met Tredgold last? I was just alighting from a Bristol coach at Bath, when I saw him ascending a Cheltenham stage. We had not seen each other for ten years. 'How do you do?' said he. 'How do you do?' said I. 'Good bye,' said he. 'Good bye,' said I. And off he went. He used to talk much of Pyper, though I don't think he quite liked him. Some money matters, I believe." And so on, as long as the gentleman in possession of the house may be disposed to allow him. In like manner, if told of some striking discovery in science, he is sure to have thought of it before, or to know some one who had all along been of opinion that such was the case, or in some other way to be in a condition to receive it as nothing very strange. "Precisely so" would be his answer to the announcement of a new planet, or an additional mechanical power. Napoleon Bonaparte might reappear in the body, without producing the least perceptible elevation of his eyebrows. "I always thought," these would probably be his remarks if such an event were to take place—"I always thought we had not heard the last of him. Old fellow now, though—must be near seventy. I saw him when the Bellerophon came to Portsmouth. Indeed, I had a particular friend on board, who told me all about him. Tottenham was his name. He settled afterwards at Clifton, and had a large family. One of his sons went out to India last year—a very fine young man—he called upon me in passing." And so on—never laying the least stress upon what had been told to him, but most anxious to tell whatever he could, relative to the same subject, and to all that was relative to what was relative to it. I have sometimes amused myself by supposing a case

in which the information communicated should be purely fictitious. If only like the truth, it would be all one to my cool friend. If informed that the Menai Bridge had been blown down by the gale of the 15th, "Aye, aye, I never had any good opinion of those swinging things. Too light, sir, to be of service upon such a large scale, especially in an exposed situation. The very last time I was upon it, I observed some of the chains a good deal worn. Indeed, my friend Bagot, who lives in Anglesey, wrote to me some time ago about it, and said it was not expected to stand much longer." Say that the Poles should be represented as having once more risen, and asserted their independence, "Aye, aye, so I heard this morning. I have been looking for it this some time. Williams, who has been all over the Continent, gave me a hint of it three months ago, and, besides, I know a house in Birmingham which executed an order for gunpowder for a firm in Cracow last year." And though some years ago, according to his usual practice of becoming the partisan of the event, he had thought the Poles imprudent, and perhaps a little wrong, he would now launch forth into a much more severe invective against the Russians, to whose intolerable imperiousness and cruelty he would trace this new convulsion.

The case of Sorley is that of an individual, and, though not overdrawn, it is perhaps somewhat singular. But can we say that his system is one which does not in any considerable degree characterise society? Assuredly not. This anxiety to avoid appearing ignorant, and to avenge, as it were, every thing which is communicated to us, by telling something else, is seen perpetually peeping forth, more, perhaps, amongst the really well informed than the rude. When one writes a book, he puts into it only what he knows; and no one expects or can ask more. But place the same man in company, where he is liable to be questioned about both the subject of his book and other matters; he then seems to consider himself as called upon to know every thing, or to seem to know it; he foolishly supposes that for him to confess ignorance on any subject, would destroy his reputation. When the company comprises other members of his own fraternity, his solicitude is greatly increased. The conversation of many a body of savans might be described as a struggle to appear knowing and to conceal ignorance. All this is most unconscious and most unnecessary. The circle of human knowledge is so great, that no man can be fairly expected to be acquainted with more than a segment of it. Besides, one may possess very respectable powers, and be able to benefit the world greatly, both in the discovery and the diffusion of knowledge, without having much at his finger ends: or he may have much, but is not nevertheless to be expected to possess information on every topic that arises. There is an anecdote of Dr Johnson, that, being told of an error in his explanation of the word *pastora* in his Dictionary, he not only bowed to the correction, but candidly confessed that he had erred through ignorance. It is disgraceful to mankind that this anecdote should have proved so memorable. Dr Johnson's conduct on the occasion was no more than what should be exemplified every hour of every day by all of us. It is simply honest. How much better to make such a candid confession, and thereby secure the approval of conscience, than to condescend to oblique expedients, which, if they succeed, will only gain or preserve a very small amount of intellectual reputation, and, if they fail, which they are most likely to do, cause us to be set down as pretenders in knowledge and deficient in at least the nicer shades of honour.

## EXPLODED FOLLIES.

## ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

THE blood seems, in the very earliest times, to have had the peculiar task assigned to it of demanding vengeance for injury and murder. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground" is the language in which the first murderer is addressed, and many passages in the Scriptures characterise those who inflicted punishment, either judicially or otherwise, on the takers away of life, as the "avengers of blood." Many other expressions of a similar tenor might be adduced, but these are sufficient for our purpose. They point out to us the belief entertained by the Jews, in common with other nations of antiquity, that the blood was the most important part of the frame, the seat of the vital principle, or the vital principle itself. Nor can this opinion be termed at all an unnatural one. In almost every case of violent death, with the suffusion and loss of blood, the life departs, and in every case of natural decease, the circulation of the blood through the frame, as indicated by the pulse, comes slowly to a pause.

We are not authorised to infer from the Jewish writings that the expression of "blood crying aloud for vengeance" was any thing more than figurative, and the same may be said of all the earlier nations of antiquity. That in early times tests or ordeals were practised for the revelation of mysterious cases of murder, is far from being improbable, but it was in those ages most appropriately denominated *dark*, when mankind, and chiefly Europe, bent the knee slavishly to superstition; that ordeals assumed a judicial form, and became a regular portion of recognised law. The ordeal for discovering murder by compelling suspected persons to come forward and touch the murdered corpse, is that which we propose to describe in the present paper, leaving the ordeals by fire, water, combat, and other forms of appeal, to another opportunity.

The ordeal by touching the corpse was an imposing ceremonial, and if not invented, was at least strongly encouraged, by the clergy, who were in those darkened times, as few now will be inclined to deny, very unscrupulous about the means employed to strengthen and extend their power. Direct appeals to the Deity, as this ordeal essentially was, were useful in instilling and maintaining a belief in the immediate interposition of the Deity; which belief was turned too often to account by the clergy in promoting the interests of the church. That the practice of ordeals was originally fostered and supported by these means, we have little doubt, though ultimately the superstitious delusion was so extensively believed and trusted in, as to require no fresh incentives to its continuance. This was the case particularly in Scotland, where the law and the nation retained their belief in the ordeal by touch, long after the clergy had ceased to interfere in it. The original ceremonial on such occasions show sufficiently how deeply they interfered in the matter at first.

When an appeal to the ordeal by touch was made in cases of mysterious death, the corpse of the murdered person was stretched upon a bier, and conducted by a procession of priests, chanting an anthem to the high altar, before which it was placed, the whole body being covered with a fine linen cloth, excepting the face. After the performance of devotional exercises, the suspected party was led solemnly forward, and desired to touch with one hand the mouth of the deceased, while the other was placed upon the fatal wound. In this posture, lifting his eyes to heaven, he invoked the Deity to attest his innocence, and imprecated the most awful punishments on his head, if his asseverations were untrue. If the blood flowed from the curdled wounds, or from the mouth or nostrils, the suspected person was held as unquestionably guilty of the murder, and underwent the same punishment as if he had been convicted in a criminal court by the evidence of indisputable witnesses. This transaction took place in the presence of judges of the law, of the clergy, and of the accusers; and a great body of spectators, including the nobility or magnates of the place where it occurred, in general attended to witness the solemn ceremonial. Such was on many occasions the awe and terror inspired by this imposing assemblage, that parties connected either directly or indirectly with the murder have shrunk from so severe an ordeal, and have confessed in the most abject manner their guilt, or have demanded, in lieu of the test, to prove their innocence by combat. An example of this kind is drawn by the pen of him who had no rival in such subjects, in the novel of the Fair Maid of Perth.

We have already alluded to the belief in which this custom had its origin. "The ancient opinion was," says Mr Pitcairn in his Criminal Trials, "that the soul of a murdered person lingered about the body, until appeased by the discovery of the foul deed, and by the subsequent shedding of the murderer's blood. It is obvious, therefore, that on the original institution of this test or ordeal, during the earlier period and in the dark ages, the purpose of requiring the accused to prove his innocence *before the corpse*, originated in the idea and belief, that, by the murderer's approach, and especially by his polluted touch, the soul was excited to an instant manifestation of its indignation, by appearing in the form in which it was supposed to sub-

sist, namely, in that of *blood*." This seems to be the most rational account of the origin of the ordeal by touch, or law of bier, as it was denominated. It is possible, however, that the accidental bleeding of a murdered body on the approach of the author of the deed may have struck his guilty mind with so much horror as to elicit a confession, and so have suggested the idea of employing the same means to rend the veil from other mysterious murders.

Whatever this ordeal may have been founded upon, certain it is, that for many centuries, in all cases of murder where the proof was defective, the relations of the deceased had the power of compelling suspected persons to touch the body. And even long after the custom of resorting habitually to the ordeal had been discontinued, the additional evidence derived from it was fatally decisive against the accused. In the year 1628, during the reign of Charles I., a trial took place at the bar of the King's Bench, in which a child was the plaintiff, and his father, his grandmother, his aunt, and her husband, were the persons accused of the murder of Joan Norkott, mother to the child, and wife to one of the prisoners. The woman, it was undeniable, had died by violence, and the coroner's inquest, guided by the evidence of her relatives, had determined that the deceased had died by her own hands. Suspicions went abroad, however, which caused the arraignment of these relatives at Hertford assizes. The parties were acquitted, but were again brought to trial in London, in consequence of the opinions expressed by one of the Hertford judges. At this final trial, which was held before the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, it appeared, in the evidence of the minister of the parish where the death took place, that the body, thirty days after its interment, was taken out of the ground, and the accused made to touch it. As the account of the proceedings at the trial rests upon excellent authority, namely, that of Sir John Maynard, afterwards Commissioner of the Great Seal, the result of the ordeal may be given as it stands in his report. The parson deposed that "the appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carion colour, began to have a gentle dew or sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again, and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropped blood from off it on the grass." This witness, on being asked "by Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice, who seemed to doubt the evidence, 'Who saw this besides you?' replied, 'I cannot swear what others saw.'" After a little time, however, the witness told the court that he had a brother then present at the trial, who had witnessed the ceremony of the ordeal. This brother then was called forward, and corroborated in every respect the statement of the preceding witness. Other evidence, totally unconnected with the ordeal, was then brought forward against the prisoners, one point of which is rather curious. One of the witnesses said, that on the bed where the deceased was found with her throat cut, "there was a print of a thumb and four fingers of a left hand," (meaning thereby that it could not be the hand of the murdered lady.) "How can you know the print," said Lord Chief Justice Hyde, "of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?" "My Lord," said the witness, "it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your right hand, you cannot possibly place your right hand in the same posture." This, according to Maynard, was tried and found to be the case.

The result of this trial was the condemnation of three of the pannels, and the acquittal of the aunt's husband, Okeman. The convicted parties, in the court and at their execution, persisted in asserting their innocence of the crime. At the risk of being accused of a work of supererogation, we shall make a few remarks on the evidence in this trial derived from the ordeal, and this we do chiefly because the report of it comes from undeniable authority. In the first place, Sir Matthew Hale, the acutest man of his time, seems not to have believed it. Secondly, it was not believed by a jury at Hertford, near the scene of the proceedings, where such remarkable events as a dead body opening its eyes, moving its fingers, and dropping blood, were likely, if worthy of being credited, to make an impression most unfavourable to the accused. Thirdly, the clergyman who gave evidence, on being asked who besides himself witnessed the miraculous motions of the corpse, declared, "that he could not say what other people saw;" from which we may infer, that a thing so wonderful as this had passed without the least notice or remark among the witnesses of it—a thing most unnatural and improbable. Fourthly, the only evidence in corroboration of the clergyman's statement was his brother. Fifthly, the blood is said to have fallen on the grass, where it could not be afterwards seen, a circumstance contrary altogether to the palpable intention of divine interposition, which was to expose the murderers, beyond all doubt, to the world.

Several reasons of minor importance might be added to these, to prove that the whole of this remarkable case of the ordeal must have been the result either of delusion or of a conspiracy. We have been thus particular in our notice of it, both because it is one of the most authentic and notable of the kind on record, and

because, having shown the many grounds for discrediting so strong a case, we may be allowed to present to the reader others of lesser note, but not less curious, without any lengthened attempt at explanation.

A most extraordinary case of murder, in which the ordeal by touch accidentally exhibited its supposed virtues, occurred in Scotland in the year 1687. Sir James Stanfield of Newmills was found dead in a pool of water, though, on examination, it appeared that he had not been drowned, but had been strangled previously to his body being thrown into the pool. The corpse was examined by "chirurgeons," and the fact of the strangulation placed, by their evidence, beyond a doubt. The manner in which the author of the murder was detected may be stated in the words of the ditty or indictment. Philip Stanfield, son of the deceased, was present at the examination of the body, and after "the clear and evident signs of the murder had appeared, the body was sewed up and most carefully cleaned, and his nearest relations and friends were desired to lift up his body to the coffin; and, accordingly, James Row, merchant (who was in Edinburgh at the time of the murder), having lifted the left side of Sir James, his head and shoulder, and the said Philip the right side; his father's body, though carefully cleaned, as said is, so as the least blood was not on it, did blood afresh upon him, and defiled all his hands, which struck him with such a terror, that he immediately let his father's head and body fall with violence, and fled from the body, and, in consternation and confusion, cried out, and bowed himself down over a seat in the church (where the corpse was inspected), wiping his father's innocent blood off his own murdering hands upon his clothes!" The counsel on both sides at the trial which ensued were eminent men, Sir John Dalrymple, younger of Stair, and Sir George Mackenzie, being public prosecutors, and Sir Patrick Hume, one of the pannel's counsel. Sir J. Dalrymple argued, that for the bleeding of the corpse, and Philip Stanfield's subsequent confusion and terror, "there could no natural reason be given but an ordinar and wonderful providence of God in this kind of discovery of murder, so that the fact was never more evident and sure." Sir Patrick Hume condemned the ordeal as a superstitious observation, and without any ground either in law or reason; attributing, at the same time, the bleeding to the incisions of the surgeons and the moving of the body, with many other arguments, worthy of his reputation for liberality and sound sense; above all, he offered to prove, that the pannel had touched his father's body *before the incision*, and it did not bleed. These rational statements made no impression on men blinded by superstition. Sir George Mackenzie addressed the jury in a style more worthy of the bigotted and "bluidy Mackinzie," than of the clear-headed lawyer; and Philip Stanfield was condemned as a parricide, and executed with the severest accompanying forms that the law could devise.

Contrary to our intention, we cannot permit this case to pass without a remark. We lay aside all question as to the prisoner's guilt or innocence, as established by ordinary evidence, and will confine our remarks to the circumstance of the bleeding. Nothing, we imagine, could be more natural and less miraculous under the circumstances. Those who know the results of strangulation are aware, that the chest, both lungs and heart, are gorged with blood, and that the incisions of the surgeons in examining these organs, which is the chief point in such cases, must, if they do not actually extend into the neck, at least encroach closely upon it. After the opening of Sir James Stanfield's body, the merchant Row, lifting the left side before the son Philip raised the right, as by the ditty we may almost conclude was the case, the blood, rendered fluid by the moving and dissection of the body, would be driven by mere gravity to the right side, and would readily flow out through some of the sutures, which are never very closely or carefully executed. Had Philip raised the right side first, Row might have lost his life. This exceedingly trifling circumstance—for Philip, though he might not be a good son, was in truth proved a parricide by nothing but the ordeal—saved the life of one, and cut short that of another. The confusion of the son on this occasion goes for nothing; no man can see even the dead body of a parent mangled without being in a state of excitement and agitation.

The antipathy—as the learned believers in the marvellous virtues of the ordeal by touch explained the matter—the antipathy of the soul, or blood, of a murdered person entertained towards his murderer, was not confined to the actual author of the deed, but extended to all his family, even through many generations. The corpse of the Laird of Culzean, murdered by the Mures of Auchindrayne, being laid out in front of all men in the neighbourhood were called upon to appear and touch it, for their own exculpation. The Mures did not compare, but a child of their family Mary Mure, seeing a crowd of people, approached the spot, and the corpse, when she came nigh it, to the admiration of all the people, did spring out upon her in abundance of blood." For the issue of this remarkable case we refer to a late number of the Journal.

The greater number of the other remarkable cases of the ordeal that have occurred in our land, are connected with the crime of witchcraft; an association sufficient, in these our more enlightened times, to show the unhappy and destructive delusion under which mankind laboured on these subjects. In the year



1644, Marion Peebles, spouse to Swene, residing at Hildiswick in Orkney, having conceived deadly hatred against one Edward Halcro, transformed herself, by the devil's assistance, into a whale, and, when Halcro and other four men were at sea, overturned their boat, devouring their bodies at the same time. On resuming her natural form, it appears to have been necessary for her to vomit them up, for the bodies were cast ashore and found by their friends. On Marion and her husband being brought to see them, the bodies, it is said, bled at the touch of the unhappy pair, who were instantly convicted of the deed, and strangled at a stake and burnt to ashes at the hill of Berrie.

As we propose speedily to resume the subject of witchcraft, we shall proceed no farther at present with these melancholy annals. In concluding our notices of the ordeal by touch, or *hier-law*, we shall make no observations explanatory of the superstition, having sufficiently shown, in recording two of the most noted cases, the ease with which every appearance might be accounted for by natural causes, had bigotry and prejudice not blinded the eyes of men. It is distressing and humiliating to think how long the delusion continued to sway the minds even of educated men. Who could believe, that, in the year 1712, a minister of the gospel, the Rev. H. Cross, Caithness (see Letter in the *Wodrow Manuscripts*), could write thus:—"some murders in this country have been discovered, by causing suspected persons to touch the dead corpse; which, upon their touching, have immediately bled."

#### THE FAMILY FEUD, A FRENCH STORY.

THE families of Piombo and Porta, in the island of Corsica, had long been divided by an hereditary feud, called in the language of the country a *vendetta*. It was similar to those enmities which in other parts of Europe were in former ages handed down from father to son, and, before the reign of civilisation and of good laws, rendered it the first duty of the successor to revenge his ancestors upon the family and clan of their foes. When Corsica became part of France, an attempt was made to put an end to the dreadful crimes which these vendettas were perpetually causing, but the savage temperament of the nobles presented a powerful obstacle to the success of these efforts. France herself, torn by internal dissensions, could not enforce the supremacy of the law in a distant island, and it was not until Napoleon Bonaparte got the government of that country into his own hands, that a resolute determination was expressed of suppressing these outrages in his native island, their disastrous consequences being well known to that extraordinary individual in his earlier history. The last occasion upon which the revengeful spirit of the Corsicans was displayed in these family broils, took place about the time of Napoleon's election as First Consul of the French Republic, and resulted in the almost mutual extermination of the two races of Piombo and Porta. Such of the family of Piombo as escaped the general destruction took refuge in Paris, and claimed the protection of the first consul. They consisted of the elder Piombo, his wife and daughter, a young child of seven years of age, and, as the family of the Bonapartes had once been under the protection of the Piombos, Napoleon willingly received the fugitives and promised to provide for their future maintenance.

Bartholomeo di Piombo, at the time of his escape to Paris, was verging upon his sixtieth year, but age had neither bent his lofty figure nor dulled the fierce expression of his eyes. He was distinguished even among his countrymen for the sternness and inflexibility of his temper, and if he were unrelenting in the pursuit of his enemies, he was equally steadfast in vindication of his friends. With his character Napoleon was not unacquainted, and feeling, perhaps, in his newly-acquired sovereignty that the presence of a resolute adherent near his person was on many accounts advisable, he gave to his Corsican compatriot a post in his household which was at once honourable and lucrative. The fidelity of Bartholomeo was undoubted, and during the reign of Bonaparte he was loaded with the imperial favours, raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, and endowed with ample territorial revenues.

In this elevated position stood Piombo when the dynasty of the Bonapartes was precipitated from the throne of France, and gave place to the possession of the Bourbons. He then retired from the palace of the Tuilleries in which he had usually resided, and took up his abode in an ancient hotel, formerly an appanage of a distinguished refugee family, which he owed to the generosity of the dethroned emperor. His circumstances had prevented his taking any active part in the restoration of Napoleon, or in the reign of a hundred days which was concluded on the plains of Waterloo, the Count di Piombo was not excluded from the terms of the amnesty which was promulgated upon the second return of Louis XVIII. But from that time he lived secluded in his own domestic privacy, preserving the cold reserve of an attached adherent of the exiled family. Upon the brow of the old count hung a cheerless though imperturbable air, whilst in his large mansion an uniform stillness seemed to harmonise with the melancholy feelings of its inmates.

His aged consort and his youthful daughter were the only beings who participated his solitude, and tended to alleviate its weight and misery.

Before the overthrow of Napoleon, Ginevra di Piombo, the count's daughter, had mingled in the splendour and pomp of the imperial court, of which her grace and beauty had made her a distinguished ornament. Though the exterior advantages she possessed, beauty, rank, fortune, and the favour of an emperor, seemed to have insured her many offers of marriage, yet either her disinclination to leave her parents alone, or the admiration rather than affection which she was calculated to command in society, had hitherto kept her heart and her person disengaged. When the events of the political world drove the family into retirement, Ginevra felt even more happy than she had done in the turmoil of a court life, and, with an admirable fortitude, devoted herself to the care of parents whose only solace in life was now in her—the last and dearest of their children.

After the second return of the Bourbons, and whilst Paris was witness of many scenes of massacre, it was dangerous for an officer in the uniform of the Imperial Guard to appear abroad. Many of the officers, indeed, of that celebrated corps were proscribed by name, and even those who were not so peculiarly designated found it expedient to seek shelter until the fury of revenge was a little allayed. Whilst the storm was at its height, a young man in the condemned uniform had taken refuge in the house of a painter and eminent artist in Paris, who was known to be a warm partisan of the late dynasty. As a vigilant search was maintained by the armed police, in the course of which the residences of such persons were repeatedly visited and ransacked, it was necessary for the artist to exercise an extreme caution in succouring the fugitive soldier. He concealed the presence of so dangerous an inmate even from his wife, and secreted him in a closet partitioned off from the saloon in which he gave lessons in painting to several young ladies of the higher classes. This workshop or painting-room was apart from his residence, and, for the benefit of light, placed at the top of an adjoining building in the same court-yard. This was the place which the generous painter selected as the least likely to be suspected, at the same time that it permitted the proscribed officer a means of exercise and relaxation when the room was cleared of the pupils, as the painter was the only person of his own household who ever entered it.

Ginevra di Piombo had for two or three years been a constant attendant at the work-room of Monsieur Servin, the painter alluded to, and both from the admirable talents she displayed in the art, and the well-known attachment of her father to the cause of Napoleon, she was treated by him with the highest respect. At this time, when her occupations were so much curtailed, Ginevra was accustomed to devote a more than usual attention to this elegant and fascinating accomplishment. Thus she was often left behind by her companions, who were either less enthusiastic in the art or had a more varied scale of amusements. On one occasion, when Ginevra had been so intent upon her pursuit as not only to be left alone, but to be surprised by the shades of evening, as she was preparing hurriedly to depart, she was astounded at beholding the door of the closet gently opened, and a young officer, in a blue and red uniform, with the imperial eagle, tread softly into the room. Equal surprise and embarrassment appeared on the countenances of the young couple as they surveyed each other, and it was fortunate that precisely at this moment M. Servin ascended the staircase, and entered the apartment. Instantly comprehending how this unexpected interview had occurred, he stepped towards the officer and said to him, "Monsieur Louis, you are too impatient in your confinement, but you have nothing to fear from this young lady. She is the daughter of an old friend of the emperor, so we may make her a confidant in your secret." The air of sympathy which was already on the features of Ginevra, assured the young soldier sufficiently of this truth, even if her beauty had not already disposed him to regard her with an entire dependence. "You are wounded, sir," said she, with much emotion. "It is a trifle," replied he; "the wound is nearly closed." His left arm was suspended in a sling, and the paleness of his features bespoke a suffering which his words belied. Two young beings brought together in a situation so affecting, could scarcely fail to be united by a reciprocal sentiment. Ginevra, thus called upon to act as the guardian and protectress of a brave soldier, suffering in a cause she had been taught to believe as holy and patriotic, felt all the enthusiastic generosity natural to her sex arise in favour of the oppressed and wounded hero. He, on the contrary, beheld in her something more than human, when benevolence and commiseration were joined to a grace so bewitching, and a beauty in itself so attractive. The scene itself was calculated to impress a tender feeling indelibly upon the mind. The softened light, the romance of the incident, the danger to all concerned—every thing conspired to produce those sensations which, seeming to spring only from a feeling mind, yet link hearts together. Ginevra, yet unconscious how deeply the emotion had sunk in her breast, offered her father's purse and influence in aid and protection of the soldier. M. Servin, more prudent, begged her to preserve for some short time the secret even from her father, lest he might be in any way compromised with the government, assuring her that the fugitive was quite safe in his present hiding-

place. The officer himself joined in this request, and as there was something delicious in the reflection that she alone was thought worthy of being entrusted with the fate of a warrior of Napoleon, she consented to abstain from any attempts to alleviate his present misfortune further than to beguile the tediousness of his confinement by her prolonged presence in the saloon.

From that day Ginevra passed hours in the work-room when all were gone, and he only present who had become to her an object of so intense an interest. She held the brush in her hand, but it seldom touched the easel, whilst Louis sat by her side, speaking with a fervid eloquence from his eyes. Their conversation was short and broken, for with lovers a monosyllable expresses more than the laboured paragraphs of oratory. Sometimes she sung, in a subdued tone, a plaintive air of Italy, and she was ravished to find that Louis was perfect master of the soft dialect which was her own native tongue. From such means, which seem to derive force from their simplicity, is affection most firmly strengthened, until it becomes a passion to which life itself is subordinate. That the conduct of Ginevra in thus submitting to what must strictly be considered a clandestine intimacy, was improper and inexcusable, must certainly be allowed, and the result furnishes the strongest moral which could be drawn from behaviour so inconsiderate.

The lengthened visits of Ginevra to M. Servin's now began to attract the notice of the old count and his wife, who so idolised her that her shortest absence was regarded with impatience. They therefore expressed their surprise that she should devote so much time to painting when it caused them unhappiness. To such an appeal Ginevra could reply only with tears. Her father, excited by so unusual a spectacle, eagerly demanded the cause. His question only redoubled her confusion. "You are going to surprise us with a picture, then?" said the count taking her by the hand. "No," replied she with a sudden energy, "a falsehood shall not even once escape the lips of your daughter—I am not painting." "What are you doing, then?" I trust you are engaged in no improper intimacy." "Not improper, I should think," she replied. "Explain," cried the father, "tell me all." Ginevra, thus importuned, explained how she had become acquainted with Monsieur Louis, and the interest which he had excited in her bosom.

No declaration could afflict more vehemently the feelings of the old Corsican. He regarded his daughter's affections as peculiarly his own, as due exclusively to himself and her mother. The idea of another person participating in her love he entertained with abhorrence. Those childish caresses which he now bestowed upon her in his doating fondness, he must see indulged in by another. His daughter seemed to forsake him in his old age and in his desolation—to cast him aside as if she loathed him. Such was the selfish conclusion to which the suspicious mind of Piombo led him. He at once forbade Ginevra to think more of her young admirer. She besought and entreated him to consider that her happiness was at stake. It was in vain—he would hear nothing, but declared imperatively she should never marry in his lifetime. So emphatic a denunciation aroused the downcast spirit of his own descendant. "But I will marry," said she with a fierceness equal to his own—"your sentence is inhuman." The determination of Ginevra thus expressed seemed to awe and confound the old count. He resumed his seat without saying a word. His wife now interposed and took the part of the daughter. Ginevra cast herself at her father's feet. "I will still love you and live with you, my dear father," she cried; "I will never forsake you!" Bartholomeo was at last moved. When he learned that the young man was a captain of the imperial guard, that he had fought at Waterloo, and though wounded had been amongst the last to leave that fatal field, he consented to interest himself in his behalf, and to receive him into his own house.

A high official personage had been indebted to the Count di Piombo during the imperial rule for an important favour, and through his influence he now procured the pardon of Monsieur Louis. He was even placed on the roll of officers available for service. Ginevra flew with undissembled rapture to convey this gratifying account to her lover. Having laid aside his uniform for a suit of plain clothes, he accompanied her to her father's house. She led him up the stairs, trembling with anxiety lest the old count should not like him. Piombo was sitting in a window recess in the large saloon, with a grave and forbidding aspect. They advanced towards him, and Ginevra thus presented her lover: "My father," said she, "I present to you a gentleman whom you will feel pleasure in seeing. This is M. Louis, who fought four paces from the emperor at Mount St. Jean." The count did not rise nor relax the severity of his features. "You wear no decoration, sir, I observe," said he coldly. "It does not become an officer of Napoleon under present circumstances," answered M. Louis with some timidity. The reply seemed to gratify the prejudices of the old man, though he said nothing. Madame di Piombo, to break a silence which was at once harsh and uncourteous, hazarded a remark. "What a singular resemblance," exclaimed she, "this young gentleman has to the family of the Porta's!" "It is only natural," replied the young man, upon whom the eyes of old Piombo glared with the fury of a demon, "I belong to that family." "A Porta!" shouted the

count, "your name?" "Luigi Porta," replied the officer. Piombo arose slowly under an emotion too strong for utterance. His countenance grew livid with rage. His wife took his arm and drew him gently towards the door. They left the room together, Bartholomew directing a gesture of vengeance against the unfortunate youth, and a look of horror at his equally wretched daughter.

"What misery in a word!" said Ginevra in a tone of anguish. "Did you not know that our family and yours are hereditary enemies?" "No," answered her lover; "I was carried from Corsica when I was six years old on account of some misfortune which happened to my father, but I never knew what it was. I was educated at Genoa, with my mother's uncle, and when I left him to enter the army, he told me I had a powerful enemy in France, and that I should therefore take the name of Louis only, by which I have been always known. He told me likewise our estate was seized; and since that time I have been engaged in active service." "You must quit this house," said Ginevra. "Is then this fearful hatred of our fathers between us, too?" asked he, as he took her hand. "I cannot find it so in my heart," she replied, "but do not now stay since your safety may be threatened. I will find means to communicate with you—but be upon your guard, and it is against my own father I warn you!" So saying she conducted him again to the door, and seeing him safely into the street, bade him adieu with all the warmth of affection she had ever previously exhibited.

Ginevra flew to her own room, not for the purpose of dissolving into useless tears, but to enter upon a serious commune with herself as to the course she should pursue. The fearful question she had to solve was, whether she should sacrifice her love, and the happiness of Louis and herself, to gratify the implacable hatred of her father; or to surrender her home, her station, her parents, in favour of a man whom every worldly consideration called upon her to reject. That her father would be immovable in his denunciation, she knew too well. Yet, when did youthful hope despair? She resolved to attempt to argue with him, to reason, to entreat. She could not consent to give up her love for a feud. Besides, she had pledged her faith, and when she thought of Louis, alone and without a friend in the world, a generous sympathy moistened her eyes and nerved her resolution. She determined still to love him and to marry him, even should the paternal malediction fall upon her. The resolute mind of Bartholomew was inherited by his daughter, and, though she felt for him all the affection and respect natural to their relation, she believed herself not bound to obey what to her seemed a cruel and unjust command. With such sentiments she descended to the saloon in which the old count and his wife were sitting in a mournful silence.

The conversation between the father and daughter was not long. Piombo expressed at once his irrevocable decree. "Who espouses not my quarrel," said he, "is not of my family. Whilst I live, a Porta shall not be my son-in-law. Such is my sentence." Ginevra attempted to show that she had no reason to partake of his enmity; that Louis Porta, who was only six years old when he left Corsica, could have done him no harm; that it was a Christian duty to forgive and not to revenge an injury even when inflicted. Her arguments were in vain. "He is a Porta!" replied the implacable old man, "and that is enough." She then prayed him to regard her happiness, to reflect that, by indulging his hate against an imaginary enemy, he destroyed the peace of mind and the life of his own child. She begged her mother to join in her entreaties; but Bartholomew was inflexible. "Then, in spite of you," said Ginevra, "he shall be my husband." "I will rather see you dead," rejoined her parent, clenching his bony hand. So saying, he threw her from him. "Begone!" said he, "I have no longer a daughter. I will not give you my curse, but I abandon you; you have now no father!" He now conducted her to the street, and closed the door upon her. Ginevra proceeded to place herself under the protection of Madame Servin, the wife of the painter, who had always expressed great friendship for her, until the day when she should be united to Luigi Porta. But she was destined to experience the insults which are prepared for those who act contrary to the usages of the world. Madame Servin did not approve of her conduct, and begged to be excused from receiving her under her present circumstances. Louis therefore obtained for her a small lodging with a respectable matron near to that he had himself for some time occupied. Here she remained until the marriage could be solemnised. Her mother had traced her retreat, and sent her a variety of things necessary for a young wife, together with a purse of money. A short note accompanied the present, stating that it was sent unknown to the count and contrary to his injunctions. In her desolation, this mark of maternal kindness drew from Ginevra a flood of tears and a feeling of remorse, which the consolations of Louis alone could efface.

At length the day of the marriage arrived. Ginevra saw no one around her to hail the event. Louis procured two witnesses who were necessary to attest the ceremony. One of them had been in the company he commanded in the guards, and was now keeper of a livery stable. The other was a butcher, the landlord of the house which was to be their future residence. These good people attended upon the occasion as if an ordinary affair of business was to be transacted. They

were dressed neatly and plainly, though nothing announced that they made part of a nuptial fête. Ginevra herself was simply habited, conforming to her fortune, and an air of gravity, if not of coldness, seemed to reign around.

As the church and the mayor's office were not far distant, Louis gave his arm to the bride, and, followed by the two witnesses, they proceeded on foot to the place of their espousal. After the formalities were gone through, and their names signed, Luigi and Ginevra were united. It was with difficulty they got an old priest to celebrate their union, and to give it the church's benediction, since the ecclesiastics were all eager in their services to more distinguished couples. The priest hastened over the ceremony, and, after uniting them before God, as the mayor had united them according to law, he finished the mass and left them. The marriage being thus celebrated in its two forms, they quitted the church, and Louis conducted his wife to their humble residence.

For the space of a year from their union as man and wife, Louis and Ginevra enjoyed as perfect a happiness as could fall to the lot of mortals. Though living far apart from luxury or extravagance, they were too much lovers to regard either as essential to their bliss. The time passed gaily onwards, and unheeded by the youthful couple, who could not part even for an hour. If Ginevra ever thought of her parents, it was to regret that they could not view and share her happiness. But, with the expiration of the year, came care to corrode their joy. With the buoyant feeling of youth, unacquainted with the horrors of poverty, they laughed at its approach. "I can paint, my Louis," said Ginevra; "we can easily support ourselves." And she prepared to exercise those talents for her subsistence which in other days had tended to her amusement. She executed copies from the old masters, and Louis set out to sell them. But he was ignorant of their value, and of the persons from whom to obtain it. He was content to sell them to an old-furniture broker at a very low price. Yet Ginevra was pleased to find that her exertions could earn money, and help to maintain her Louis and herself. She redoubled her assiduity, and finished several pieces; she laboured with the zeal and ardour of a proselyte. Her exertions conveyed a reproach to her husband, who was determined no longer to sit in idleness, whilst his wife worked incessantly. After long consideration, he felt himself equal to no employment save that of copying legal or other documents. He made a tour round the offices of the attorneys and notaries of Paris, soliciting papers to copy. He thus added to their uncertain income, and, by the exercise of industry, they kept poverty at a distance, and beat back the approach of want. At length the hour of suffering and mental anguish arrived, as it will sooner or later to individuals so situated.

At a certain season of the year the law offices in Paris are free from business, and for nearly four months Louis Porta was thrown out of employment. His wife had not for some time had the brush in her hand, as she had just given birth to a son. The fees of the medical men had been raised by disposing of part of their furniture. The remainder would have speedily followed had not the landlord seized it for rent. The wretched husband saw his wife pining for lack of sustenance, and the infant sucking a dry and exhausted breast. He was without the means of procuring a morsel of bread. With the madness of despair he rushed into the street, and wandered in the midst of the brilliant equipages which crowded the city, and of that reckless luxury which seems so insulting to poverty. He passed by the shops of money-changers where heaps of gold were exposed, one solitary piece from which would have rendered him frantic with joy. But no resource opened itself in his extremity. Any thing seemed just if he could save the life of Ginevra; to steal, to rob, to murder. To what crime his frenzy might have led him is doubtful, but fortune saved him from its commission. He had turned his steps unconsciously towards the hotel of the Count di Piombo; when he arrived at it, the gate stood open. He entered, and sprang up stairs. In a moment he stood before Piombo, who was seated near the fire, for the night was cold and wet. "Who are you?" cried the old count starting up in alarm. "Your daughter's husband," answered Luigi. "And where is my daughter?" he asked with a trembling accent. "On her death-bed from starvation!" shouted Louis with wildness. "Not yet dead?" "No!" "Is there any hope left?" urged the father eagerly. "A piece of gold may save her, if it be speedily applied," replied the husband. "Here is my purse," said Piombo; "tell Ginevra I have pardoned her, and she may come and see me." "She will not come in this world I fear," answered Luigi, as he took the purse and flew from the room. "Shall we not follow him and see our daughter—our Ginevra?" said the old man to his wife, who had sat immovable during the preceding discourse, whilst the first tears he ever shed fell down his furrowed cheeks. "Oh yes—with all speed," cried Madame di Piombo. She rang the bell. "Order a coach to the door instantly," said she to the servant who appeared.

At midnight, the aged parents entered the room of their unfortunate child. Ginevra had just expired; her infant was also dead. Louis hung over the wretched bed upon which they were extended. The physician whom he had procured in his haste, had taken up his hat to depart. It was a scene to move the iron heart

even of Piombo. "Our feud is at an end," said he to Luigi Porta; "there lie the last of my race. I am a miserable broken-hearted old man. I suffer punishment from God for not hearkening to her who is now an angel. Yes, Porta, this is a scene on which thy father might have gazed; but with the corpse of my daughter I bury my enmity."

Such was the concluding scene in the history of the feud betwixt the families of Piombo and Porta, and which cannot be contemplated without producing the moral reflection, that the daughter's imprudence and disobedience was not more severely punished than the unchristian enmity and hard-heartedness of the father.

#### SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDEHALL.

In the year 1821, the Blendenhall, free trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broad-cloths, was prosecuting her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the Blendenhall, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy though moderate; the weeds continued; all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, "Breakers ahead!" startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck. "Breakers starboard! breakers larboard! breakers all around!" was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and, after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about mid-ship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the foremast (the foretopmast being already by the board). The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and every thing that human energy could devise was effected. The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from amidst deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At last the wreck drove right in: ropes were instantly thrown out, and the crew and passengers (except two who had been crushed in the wreck), including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave, which a few short hours before had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box and needles and thread), with a number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, and part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure a shelter from the weather; and with the bed-posts and broadcloths, and part of the fore-sail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals in the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortable, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks, and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on



shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than, deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen! All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large flock of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild-fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and eating lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the numbers of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs were exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore." The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had ventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labour, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence upon it, for the purpose of cultivating vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which might touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the southern ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St Helena, the British government deemed it expedient to garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth man-of-war with a colony of forty persons, which arrived in the month of August. At this time the chief of the American settlers was dead, and two only survived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape Creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed; Mr Glass, with the title and

character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1824 by Mr Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the *Blendenhall* had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, showed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow-subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew on *Inaccessible Island*, he instantly launched his boat, and, unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all, except a young sailor named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

#### PROVINCIAL ORATORY.

A SMALL volume, published in 1831, under the title of "Speeches on Various Public Occasions during the last Thirty Years, by Henry Macminn," has been put into our hands by an individual who appears to be anxious that its merits should have the benefit of our sixty-thousand-trumpet-power of proclamation. We have read it with the greatest possible pleasure, and are quite at a loss to know why it should have hitherto been so little known to the world. The eloquence of the author is of a most extraordinary kind—a flood of sunshine, which illuminates and adorns all things alike, the humble as well as the exalted. He is a native of Dumfries, and has apparently held various offices of public trust in that town. His earlier speeches chiefly relate to subjects discussed in debating-club rooms—such as, "Whether is the miser or the prodigal the worst member of society?" "The comparative merits of Cato and Cæsar;" "Whether the fear of punishment or the hope of reward tends most to virtue?" and others, equally well qualified to elicit the powers of the members, seeing that, as in *Wimple's* celebrated case, much might be said on both sides. In more recent times, he appears to have confined the exertion of his gift to occasions of public concernment, such as elections, examinations of the burghal schools, and the celebration of illustrious birthdays. Whatever be the topic, the eloquence of the worthy gentleman comes swinging and tolling over it with one unvarying pomp of words, calculated, we should think, when accompanied by the charm of delivery, to produce a most powerful effect upon his audience, and, even in plain print, hardly to be resisted by the most morose or the most torpid soul. We shall present a few specimens.

A speech delivered at celebrating Burns's birth-day, January 25, 1822, proceeds as follows:—

"The love of their country is a passion natural to all men. Its streams and mountains, its very dust is dear to them, especially if they are in a foreign land, or have been long separated from home. But, gentlemen, when they hear that from the very dust that they themselves sprang, in the corner of the island where they were born, sprang also a character, a luminary of the age, which I may venture to pronounce unequalled in any period of time—Burns—how must it warm their hearts!—How proud must they be to hear that Scotland, their native country, has the honour to claim the birth of so noble a Scottish bard, one of the greatest poets, dead or alive, that ever ascended the Mount of Parnassus. No sooner was Burns got to the summit of that celebrated mount, the seat of the Muses, than he was surrounded by the gods, who with one voice pronounced that Burns should take the right hand of Jove himself in the first chariot of fame as a poet of the age. But to us, who lived in the very day and age that Burns lived, and in the very corner of Scotland where he was born, and many of us personally acquainted with such an original genius of such a natural strength of mind, fertile imagination, and that instantaneous display of sentiment which seldom or never centred in the soul of man—how proud ought we to be of such an honour. Therefore, if there is a drop of Scottish blood in your veins to-day, in celebrating his birth-day, every eye should sparkle, every soul glow with joy and gladness on such a noble occa-

sion. I must confess, gentlemen, that upon this and all occasions you have proved yourselves to be the friends of genius, the admirers of literature, and an honour to this quarter of the globe. You have raised a mausoleum over his ashes—it is magnificent—you have done gloriously. You have also provided a punch-bowl to drink to his memory—it is unequalled in any country—it would do honour to the table of the greatest potentate on earth—the whole navy of Lilliput might fight a pitched battle in it."

After an enumeration of the beauties of several of Burns's compositions, the orator proceeds—"The poem on the *Mouse's Nest* is another striking proof of the uncertainty of all earthly things. It was dark December, the storms and the tempests were howling, the hail, the hoar-frost, and the northern penetrating blasts were wasting their fury upon the plains. Burns was ploughing in his field, he turned up the mouse's nest, and she and her little family were turned out to the winter's storm, to languish and die upon the frozen turf. He stopped all of a sudden. 'Pause for a little,' said he, 'listen universal nature, things animate and inanimate hearken to me!' so that the very horses looked round to him with surprise. He then commenced the first, and perhaps one of the best poems he ever made:—I had it from his own mouth.

'That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nible.'—  
'The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley.

And lea'e us nought but grief and pain  
For promised joy.'

As if he had said, 'the dawn of the morning may usher in the day when we possess riches and grandeur, and every thing that is noble in this life; but before the morning sun sets again on the western sky, all those comforts may be for ever gone. That health which blooms upon the cheek may in a moment vanish; the turning of the wind or the storm may rob us of every comfort we enjoy in this life, and leave us unprotected amidst an unthinking and precarious world, like the mouse and her little family turned out to the winter storm to languish and die upon the frozen sod; or, like the slender flower that raises its head in the desert, but before the morning sun rises in the eastern sky its beauties are blasted—its sweetness is for ever buried in the earth.'"

Our next specimen is "a speech made in the Trades' Hall, Dumfries, when Mr Macminn was presented with the freedom of the Seven Incorporated Trades, 1824."—

"Convener Anderson—I am taken by surprise. I am nonplussed. I cannot speak what I at present feel. Had I the oratory of Cicero, or the eloquence of Demosthenes, it would be far too inadequate to point out what I just now feel. The honour you have done me in presenting me with the freedom of the Seven Incorporated Trades of Dumfries, will be engraven upon my soul with letters of gold that never can be erased. For nearly forty years I have been an inhabitant in this town—the two last years I have had the honour of being one of its magistrates, consequently more closely connected with you in your various proceedings and meetings, all of which have been conducted by you with that unanimity, patriotism, and gentlemanly conduct which cannot fail to make you the envy and wonder of a surrounding world. As a proof of what I have been just now advancing, I would point to that magnificent and massive chain of gold round your neck, which I see just now sparkling as the stars of heaven at the midnight-hour on an unclouded sky. The donors, as a mark of the high respect and approbation they have for you as a gentleman and a convener, the deacons and the whole incorporated trades have, as a body, presented you with that elegant gold chain to be worn by the convener for the time being; and may it be as a chain to link you closely together in bonds of friendship and love, and be as a flaming sword to defend you from the attacks of every foe, foreign and domestic.—And in no future day may the brilliancy and lustre of that chain be tarnished, by those who may succeed you in office, by any improper conduct; and in all time coming may the Seven Incorporated Trades stand as high in respect as they do at this present moment, is the sincere wish of an old residenter, though a young magistrate."

On an occasion of a different kind, a dinner of the Yeomanry Cavalry of the county, the orator delivered himself in the following strain of handsome, and, we doubt not, well merited compliment:—

"Colonel M'Murdo, Major Crichton, and other officers of this corps, I am sent here as a deputation from Mr Douglas, our worthy member for the burghs, and the magistrates and town-council of Dumfries, to announce to you the very high respect they have for you as gentlemen and as soldiers, and for the very grand and noble manner in which you have this day distinguished yourselves in the field. It was allowed by the gallant officer who reviewed you, and by all who had the pleasure of seeing you this day, that no troops of the line could surpass you, and but few come up to you, in going through your different evolutions in that steady, quick, and expert manner, which struck with admiration the whole spectators. For thirteen years and more I had the honour of being a soldier under your banners; during which time, and ever since I have been acquainted with you as a corps, I know that strict discipline, military ardour, and true patriotism, have uniformly pervaded your ranks. You, sir, as their leader, I esteem. That voice which

commands with firmness and authority, yet conveys love; that voice which extends from right to left, and from centre to flank, never fails to excite attachment and admiration in the breast of every soldier in the ranks, who seems to say, with a noble and patriotic spirit—"Who would not be a soldier under the command of Colonel M'Murdo and Major Chrichton, in the Dumfriesshire Yeomanry Cavalry (two gallant officers as ever took the field), to protect our king and country, and all that is dear to us as men and as Britons!" Gentlemen, whether you are turning the tide of battle from our gates, or protecting our laws, our liberties, and independence, in the hour of danger, may you be safe, and crowned with glory and renown, and may the sun of victory always shine upon you with his cheering rays! Our glorious constitution, which you, as soldiers, have sworn to protect, were we to ransack this wonderful globe of ours from the earliest period of time till this present moment, I am persuaded you would not find a nation under the canopy of heaven whose laws are so nobly calculated to make every subject happy as the laws of Great Britain. Our beloved sovereign, King George the Fourth, is one of the best of kings; his soul is ever centred in the good of the nation, and his greatest pride is to reign in the hearts of his people. It is therefore the duty of you, and all of us, to protect the pillars of that throne with a firm and determined spirit to the latest period of our lives."

By way of a *bonne bouche* for the conclusion, we shall now present a "speech made at delivering a snuff-mull to the Widows' Society, Dumfries, February 6, 1806"—  
"Mr President—Allow me to express the respect I have for this society—in the first place, for the members individually who compose this noble institution, being gentlemen of that kind who will ever stand high in my estimation, and that esteem will be ever written upon my heart with letters of gold; in the next place, to express the respect I have for the institution itself, it being formed by you with such wisdom as will do you honour as long as you tread the stage of time, and preserve your memory when time shall be no more—it being so nobly contrived by you for the use of those who may be visited with the dreadful loss of an affectionate husband, and shipwrecked, as it may be, upon the shoals of poverty and distress."

In this uncertain and precarious world, adversity may happen even to him who is in the midst of affluence, and fancies to himself that he has laid up a competency that the storms and tempests of adversity could never reach him. But, gentlemen, you have considered, and wisely you have considered, that that prosperity may take wings and fly away like an eagle towards heaven; that health which blooms upon the cheek may in a moment vanish. The chances of accident or disease, or the storm that beats upon our roof at the midnight-hour, may rob that wife for ever of a husband who provided for her, and may rob her, too, of a decent maintenance; and to the man of sensibility, who, finding himself about to depart from this world, and seeing his wife and family unprovided for, how terrible must be his situation! But we are thankful nobler principles have actuated your minds; you have come forward as men, as gentlemen, and as Christians, and provided a remedy for those horrid catastrophes; a remedy unequalled in this quarter of the globe, for which I am sure you will have the approbation of your own minds; you will have the approbation of a surrounding world, at least of the sensible part of the world; and I hesitate not to pronounce that you have the approbation of that God who is well pleased with those good offices done to your brethren of mankind, especially to those to whom you are bound by the ties of nature to provide for. From these considerations, and in consequence of a meeting of the 22d November last, I have now the pleasure of addressing you; I will glory in that day and in that night as long as the pulse beats in my veins. That day I had first the honour of being entered a member of this society; and that night—good luck turned it—that I had an opportunity of offering to provide you with a snuff-mull as a token of my respect for you and the institution, and that offer was in so kind and gentlemanly a manner accepted by you, that I esteem it the more. If I were to live till the sun that rises in the east were to grow dim with age, it never could be forgotten by me. But, raised as I am to the highest degree of honour in having the pleasure of providing you with this snuff-mull which I have now in my hand, yet I feel much—I am much concerned that it bears no proportion at all to the worth and value of the receivers. Were it made of the finest gold, or set with the most brilliant diamonds, it would be of far too little value to lay before such personages as compose this meeting. But small as the present is, gentlemen, you receive it from one whose heart is ever animated in your presence, and will to the latest period of his life rejoice in your prosperity as a body, in your families, and individually; and may you ever be imitated by all who know you, and surpassed by none. This mull which I have now taken in my hand in the presence of you all, and in the presence of Almighty God—this mull, which never yet has had a snuff taken out of it by mortal man, I beg you to accept of. The first time that you open it may you extract good luck from it—luck which may never depart from your dwellings as long as this keeps its form."

As the power of attraction and the centre of gravity keep this stupendous globe we inhabit in conjunction with the other planets, so may this act as the power

of attraction, or an attractive substance, to draw you closely together in bonds of friendship and love; and may it be as a pillar to support the noble fabric you have raised, that the storms and tempests of time may never be able to demolish it. As this is a substance almost beyond the possibility of decay (a ram's horn), when years and years are elapsed it will be the same—when centuries after centuries have wasted themselves, it will be secure in its form. May your society be emblematical of it in point of duration, and be handed down from father to son to the latest period of time. As snuff-mulls have often been known to unite more closely brother with brother, and companion with companion—if this could add one spark to your sociality, I would rejoice that the sun rose this morning, that morning brought noon, and noon brought on the shades of the evening wherein I have an opportunity of putting into your hands any thing that could add to your conviviality; but that for me would be impossible, since your sociality with each other is almost unequalled in this quarter of the globe. All I wish is, that every time that you place it upon the table in the name of the giver, inanimate as it is, it will rejoice with you when you rejoice; and when you take it into your hand, and read the inscription, 'Presented by Henry Macminn,' it will, when I am lodged in the dark caverns of the earth, bring to your recollection one that once lived, but now has taken his flight to that world of impenetrable darkness never to return—but when he did live, amongst the happiest days he spent while on earth were with the members of the Widows' Society in Dumfries; and the last time I take this mull in my hand, and God knows when that may be—but be it when it may—I sincerely pray that I may shut up in it the blessing of Almighty God for you all; that your funds may be as the widow's cruise of oil that may never waste nor diminish. I come now, sir, to perform the pleasant office I ever did in the whole course of my life, to present you with this snuff-mull which I have now in my hand. In the name of Almighty God and the king receive it; in the name of God, that he may protect every good institution like this, for the relief of the distressed; and in the name of the king, that every good and charitable society in our land for noble purposes like this, may be protected by the laws of our country, which are wisely calculated to protect every good subject."

There is a book called the "Complete Letter Writer," for giving instructions in the art of carrying on epistolary correspondence: Why should there not also be a "Complete Speech Maker?" Surely such a work is now very much wanted, and who so well fitted for the duty of editor as Mr Macminn?

#### MAD BUFFALO.

THE tribe of American Osage Indians occupy an extensive tract of country to the north and west of the Arkansas territory. The game continued to be abundant throughout this region, until the whites began to intrude upon their hunting-ground. Killing the buffalo for the tongue and skin alone, the whites committed great havoc among them; and the animals, continually attacked, receded from the seat of slaughter. The government of the United States, to protect these and other Indians from such unjust invasions of their territory, passed a law, prohibiting our citizens from hunting on the Indian lands. This wholesome law was often evaded, and its violation was very distressing to the Osages, as the game had already become scarce, and, being hemmed in to the westward by the Pawnees, a powerful and warlike tribe, with whom they were always at war, they were unable to extend their hunting-grounds in that direction.

In the spring of 1824, a party, consisting of three or four whites, as many half-breed Indians, and a negro, disregarding the law, went from the borders of the Arkansas territory to hunt in the Indian lands. They were discovered by a party of Osages, led by Chetoca Washenpasha, or the Mad Buffalo, the most famous war chief of that nation. Mistaking the hunters, as they afterwards stated, for Indians of an unfriendly nation, they attacked and killed several of the party; but, upon ascertaining the character of those who had fallen, they expressed much regret. "We fear," they said, "that it will make trouble." Some of the men were even melted to tears.

As always happens in such cases, the affair produced great excitement among the inhabitants on the frontiers, whose fears and passions are always excited by the slightest insult from their warlike neighbours. The aggressors were demanded from their tribe by the commandant of the American troops, posted on the Neothio River. After much consultation among themselves, and upon frequent reiteration of the demand, they met in council at the garrison, to the number of three or four hundred. They formed themselves into a circle, to hold their talk after their own fashion. The demand was again repeated, and an appeal made to them, enforcing the necessity of their compliance, and the evil consequences which would result from a refusal. At length, the Mad Buffalo arose with great dignity, and, coming forward, declared himself to have been the leader of the party accused. He said that he had mistaken the hunters for a party of unfriendly Indians, and did not know there were any whites among them until after the deed was done. He expressed his willingness to make any atonement for the wrong which he had ignorantly committed against the children of their Great Father, the President; and, stepping into

the middle of the ring, "I deliver myself up," said he, "to the American commandant, to be dealt with as may be thought proper." Five other warriors immediately followed his example. They were taken in charge, and held in close custody at the fort for a few days, and then sent, under a strong guard, down the Arkansas, to Little Rock, distant about three hundred miles. During the first or second night of their journey, one of them slipped off his handcuffs and made his escape. Mad Buffalo was very much distressed at the event; he spoke of the deserter with vehement indignation, as a coward, who had disgraced his nation and himself. At the mouth of the Porto, they met with Major Davenport, who had been known to Mad Buffalo and his people for three years, and whose frank and soldierly treatment had won their confidence. They expressed great pleasure at this meeting, and consulted with him, as a friend, concerning their situation. He explained to them, as well as he could, the nature of their offence; that, under the laws of the United States, they would have to be tried for murder by a court of justice, under civil authority, and if found guilty, would be punished with death, by hanging. He told them to employ counsel to defend them, as our own citizens did under similar circumstances.

The Mad Buffalo seemed to be much moved by this explanation, and, for the first time, to comprehend his real situation. He told Major Davenport, that he had expected to appear before a council of warriors, like himself, who would decide on principles of honour, and the particular circumstances, whether he had violated the plighted faith between his tribe and the children of his Great Father. He did not expect, he said, to be tried by laws, of which he was ignorant, and which, as it appeared to him, were very unjustly fixed the punishments to his offence before hand. On the following day, he requested Major Davenport to speak for him, and delivered his war-club, as a token that he made him his deputy, with full power to act for him in every emergency. He requested the Major to show the war-club to Clairmore, the principal chief of the Osages, who, on seeing that symbol, would do whatever might be required of him. "When I saw you yesterday," said he, "I felt as if I had seen my father. I know you to be my friend; go to Clairmore, show him my war-club. Whatever you think ought to be done for me, tell Clairmore, and he will do it."

They parted; the one for Little Rock, the other for the post on Neothio River. Major Davenport was not long in seeing Clairmore, showed him the war-club, advised him to employ counsel for his people below, and told him that the Buffalo wished him to attend his trial, and see justice done him. Clairmore refused to attend the trial, as he considered it not safe to trust himself among enemies; but offered five hundred dollars for counsel, which was accepted and paid. When the trial came on at the Rock, and exertions corresponding with the importance of the case were made for the prisoners, no legal evidence was produced against them, nor a case made out to warrant conviction. Three of them were acquitted. But as it was thought necessary by the politic jury to make an example, which should strike terror among the Indians, the Mad Buffalo and the Little Eagle were selected as victims to the prejudice and vengeance of the neighbouring whites; the Buffalo, on account of his influence in the tribe, and the Eagle because the lot happened to fall on him.

The Buffalo behaved during the trial with the same resignation, the same calm courage and dignity, as he had all along exhibited. He and the Eagle were condemned to be hung, and the three who were acquitted returned to their tribe. The sons of the Buffalo, some of whom were quite grown up, frequently visited Major Davenport, at the garrison, and always requested to see the war-club. After they heard that their father was condemned, and they despaired of again seeing him, they requested the major to give them the war-club. They would often secretly, and then silently, examine it, while the tears would roll down their cheeks. He promised to give it to the eldest of the sons, when it should be ascertained that their father never would return, but not before.

The Buffalo declared he would never submit to be hung up by the neck; and made some unsuccessful attempts to destroy himself. The convicts were reprieved from time to time by the acting governor, who took occasion to visit them in prison. Upon being introduced, the Buffalo made him a speech, in which he expressed his sentiments in loud, figurative, and fearless language. In the midst of his speech, the Eagle touched him, and told him that, in speaking so loud he might give offence. "Give offence!" replied the Buffalo, indignantly—"am I not a man as well as he?" Much interest was made by Major Davenport, Governor M'Nair, and some others, to obtain their pardon. After about a year's imprisonment, they were finally pardoned by President Adams, soon after entering upon the duties of his office, in 1825. They were liberated at the Rock, and supplied by the people of the village with a gun, ammunition, and provision for their journey home. Such, however, are the jealousy and hatred existing between the frontier settlers and the Indians, that to avoid the danger of being shot on the way, it was necessary for them to take a circuit round the settlements of more than three hundred miles. With this view, they took the direction of the mountains, lying close by day, and travelling by night, until they had passed the last settlement. Here they were so much exhausted by hunger, fati-

gigue, swayed no Buffalo view of his fate was great passed E where, at so much know his reached to his joy and inart war-club, and sent soon after The do after sent not comp paper, an when the much je strength by about garrison, being rea nothing a satisfied, wards the Thus Buffalo a character of civilis injustice, they mus

A (The foll of a Britis to Allican Smeas at G bance a fo our fair co being abroa WEDNES talter on somewhere off Allica the 16th, tar being between house, our abou 17th. I proceeded imposing had not t one word they wer return, I proceeded going on the follow balls tak of the to place com with han painted p In the consisted fans, mar capital was the other dirty look sticks, to with a va displayed all kinds to the pu shaded a ladies sel as they r about ni and of c with a ci I strong night), a invari the ladies blonde, w black sill what the the foldi One d but at th walking the usual above the crossed o saw then heads; t was repe to my gr A larg menade, was a m ee the e ever a regrette



figure, swelled legs, and sore feet, that they could proceed no further, and, to add to their sufferings, the Buffalo was taken sick. The Eagle left him, with a view of saving himself, and, if possible, of sending relief to his companion. Thus left to himself, the Buffalo heaved a stone, and by applying it to his breast, was greatly relieved. He again pursued his journey, passed Eagle on the way, without knowing when or where, and arrived at the garrison on Grand River, so much emaciated, that Major Davenport did not know him. He had not felt himself safe, until he reached this point; and he could not give utterance to his joy and gratitude, except by emphatic gestures and inarticulate sounds. The major gave him his war-club, supplied him with a horse and provisions, and sent him to his tribe. The Little Eagle arrived soon after, and was sent on in the same manner.

The document containing their pardon was soon after sent on, and delivered to them. But they could not comprehend its meaning. And as it was a large paper, and such as had been presented to them to sign when they gave away their lands, they viewed it with much jealousy and alarm. After recruiting their strength a little, the Buffalo and Eagle, accompanied by about two hundred of the Osages, returned to the garrison, to learn what the big paper meant. On its being read and explained to them, and being told it said nothing about their lands they went away, perfectly satisfied, expressing the most friendly disposition towards their Great Father, the president.

Thus terminated the affair and trial of the Mad Buffalo and his companions, strongly illustrating the character of these rude sons of the forest, their views of civilised jurisprudence, and the absurdity, if not injustice, of making them amenable to laws of which they must be wholly ignorant.

#### A FEW DAYS AT ALICANTE.

(The following columns are part of a Journal kept by the lady of a British military officer, who recently paid a visit of pleasure to Alicante, in Spain, during a permanent professional residence at Gibraltar. The writer is a native of Edinburgh, and hence a few local allusions. Like many other Scottish people, our fair contributor appears to have had little hesitation in entering abroad into gaieties which are condemned at home.)

WEDNESDAY, January 14, 1835, embarked from Gibraltar on board his majesty's ship —; and, after a somewhat boisterous, but very quick passage, anchored off Alicante, in the province of Valencia, on Friday the 16th, at 2 o'clock p. m., the distance from Gibraltar being about three hundred miles. Went on shore between six and seven o'clock to the British consul's house, where we had been kindly invited to take up our abode.

17th. Immediately after breakfast, the gentlemen proceeded to wait on the governor of Alicante, a most imposing looking personage, and with whom they had not much conversation, as he did not understand one word of English, and it is almost needless to say they were all totally ignorant of Spanish. On their return, we all sallied forth to view the town. We proceeded first to the town-hall to see the preparations going on for a masked ball, which was to take place the following Sunday, as, during the carnival, the balls take place only every Sunday night. The part of the town-hall where the festivities were to take place consisted of four large lofty rooms *en suite*, with handsome chandeliers, and drapery consisting of painted paper, which had a very good effect.

In the main street almost all the goods in the shops consisted of immense Spanish combs, Spanish hats, fans, masks, and beads—sad indications of the principal wants of this ignorant nation. We proceeded to the other end of the town, where there was a fair—dirty looking confectionary, black nuts, tin candlesticks, toys, oranges, apples, tape, thread, and needles, with a variety of other equally valuable articles, were displayed on stalls decked with coloured paper, cut in all kinds of ways to make a show. Then proceeded to the public promenade, a walk half a mile in length, shaded at each side with large trees. The Spanish ladies seldom or never venture out during the day, as they reserve all their fascinations for moonlight; about nine every evening they all flock to this walk, and of course all the youths assemble likewise, each with a cigar in his mouth, elegantly curled moustaches (I strongly suspect they are put up in paper every night), and the high picturesque-looking hat, which is invariably stuck as much on one side as possible; the ladies with their really graceful mantillas of black blonde, underneath which you see the enormous comb, black silk dresses, and fans. But how shall I describe what they do with their fans—the twists and twirls, the folding and unfolding are incessant.

One day, in Gibraltar, I happened to be looking out at the window, and there were two Spanish ladies walking very slowly together; their petticoats were the usual length, that is to say, they showed a little above the ankle—the sandals were crossed and reversed over the foot in all directions. I suddenly saw them begin flitting their fans and tossing their heads; they were then passing a smart officer, and this was repeated a second time at the other end of the street, to my great amusement.

A large convent overlooks the middle of this promenade, the windows well grated with iron bars—it was a most dismal looking building. I felt anxious to see the interior, but the rules are too strict—no lady is ever admitted as a visitor, only the gentlemen. We regretted not being able to witness the ceremony of a

novice becoming a nun, which took place at this time; but the convent was sixteen miles from Alicante. Sixteen miles at home would be thought a pleasant drive to a dinner party; but in Spain, owing to the dreadful state of the roads, travelling is tedious, and almost impracticable; but this is the least of the disagreeable, for bandits lurk behind rocks, and many is the sad tale told of travellers who were never seen again. Some of these may be, and are, doubtless, fiction, but still every body believes them. There are three convents of nuns, two of friars, and seven churches in this town; while there are only seventeen thousand inhabitants.

After coffee, we all went to the theatre to see Romeo and Juliet performed. Now, a theatre in a foreign country I had never been in; so my curiosity was quite extreme. The house was very long and rather narrow, lit up with wretched lamps filled with train oil. The seats in the pit consisted of wooden arm-chairs. The house was crowded to excess. The lower tier of boxes was filled with the lowest riff-raff, each beggar purchasing a seat for the season. The actresses were all dressed in black, ready, as we presumed, for the catastrophe. There was a large square hole in front of the stage, with a tin cover like a huge plate-warmer on the top—out of this protruded a man's head, a pair of hands, a book, and a candle. This important personage was the prompter. Unfortunate man! he had no sinecure at all events. He read aloud the whole play from beginning to end, and when he wanted any of the actors to come on the stage, he knocked loudly with his fist. The speeches were a great deal too long; and all those about poison, death, love, and despair, were delivered with the most placid and calm indifference. Between every act of this most affecting tragedy, the violins played a quick, lively waltz, or a gallop. At length Juliet, or, as it is pronounced in Spanish, *Hulia*, was brought in in her coffin, with a square hole cut in it for her to breathe through. The coffin was placed on a wooden stand, with a tremendous candle at each corner. Romeo bent over her, and had got half way through his long speech, when he discovered (we were almost sorry he did) that his feathers were just on the eve of catching fire from one of the candles. He stopped, removed the incumbrance, and then re-commenced his speech. The lady then gracefully stepped out of her coffin; the apothecary appeared (a tremendous fat man), and advised the lovers most seriously to be off and get horses, and get married. This advice was followed, and so ended the tragedy. The audience appeared deeply affected; the ladies all displayed white handkerchiefs, and some sobbed outright. A dance followed, the actors and actresses being masked. The farce was a scene of riot, noise, and confusion. After the farce, the orchestra played a national march, when the people rose, and most of them sung and shouted till it was done, an expression of loyalty which was terrific. We returned much fatigued.

18th. The streets were crowded from one to three o'clock; at nine in the evening we went to the masked ball. There were about 250 people present; the tickets of admittance were 10d. each. The music was good; a board was hung in front of the orchestra with the name of the next dance painted on it, and this was changed by a tall, stately-looking personage, the master of the ceremonies, with a long white wand in his hand, wreathed round with artificial flowers; first, a Spanish country dance, set of quadrilles, a mazurka, an *English* country dance (which was like any thing but that), a waltz, a gallop. The gallop is a beautiful dance, and perfectly different from our insane romp. There were the most grotesque and outré figures possible. Sailors with white trousers, blue shirts, and red night-caps; ladies with striped blue petticoats, white handkerchiefs on their necks, and any kind of sleeves; gipsies with hats like small parasols, decorated with the most tawdry flowers; every kind of trumpery having evidently been put in requisition. They were all masked except our party, and there were twelve of us; but towards one a.m. they unmasked, and tied their masks on the back of their necks, nuns, friars, gipsies, peasants, and old women in abundance. They all talked unceasingly; most of them disguised their voices, and the sound was extremely ludicrous through the mask. One man had on nothing but a tremendous nose, another a huge beard, one had a dog's face, and another a baboon's with spectacles. We returned to the Consul's house about two, a little bewildered.

19th. Detained in the house all the morning by hosts of visitors come to pay their respects to us; I exchanged smiles, not words with all. In the evening the party amused themselves with a game called "bis, bis," which is played with a large square piece of canvass laid on the table, on which are painted forty-two different figures. You put down money on one (or more if you like) of these paintings. There is a bag with forty-two miniature figures the same as the canvass; these are each enclosed in a box; one is taken out, and whoever happens to have money on the one the same as the paper taken out of the bag, gets twelve times the sum he put down. It is one of the silliest, as it is one of the most ruinous games. I lost three dollars (thirteen shillings).

Tuesday 20th. Spent the morning in returning visits. In the evening went to the Marchesa's ball or Tertulia, a most magnificent house. Refreshments were at intervals handed round, this being the

only house in Alicante where any are given. At all parties given by Spaniards, there is a large jar full of water placed at the drawing-room door; there is, also, a small jug to drink out of, and this is the sum total of their tea and supper. The Marchesa (so called from being a very little person), has an elegant figure, and fascinating manners; she was dressed in a course black stuff gown, which she had to wear as a penance by her confessor, for some acknowledged sin, but over this was thrown a costly large white blonde pelerine, and magnificent jewels. She showed another lady and myself her bed-room, which is always off the drawing-room in Spanish houses. The bed particularly attracted my attention, it was of mahogany, gilded beautifully; the pillows were covered with lace, and the counterpane was of bright green satin, beautifully embroidered. We left the party at half-past one a.m.

Wednesday 21st. After breakfast, took a drive into the country with two gentlemen in a nondescript kind of vehicle called a tertuna. The wheels were as high as the windows—no springs. We were shook to a jelly. The roads were worse than any bye-road in Ireland. The horse at length stuck fast in the mud, and commenced dancing. I jumped out in a fright, and walked for half a mile. We drove to a village about three miles in the country, alighted, and walked in a garden. An ugly Spanish woman (they are all ugly when they are past thirty) presented me with four violets and three monthly roses. On our return we were visited by the Swedish consul, a little old man dressed in sky-blue clothes, embroidered with gold. Music in the evening.

Thursday 22d. Went to see the Marquis de L's splendid mansion and pictures, rooms and anti-rooms innumerable. We saw eight hundred pictures, some of them said to be worth some thousand pounds each. It was certainly a superb collection. The Marquis, a very polite old bachelor, showed us all his house. We came at length to his own apartment, which was a miserable little closet. He lives quite alone, with hosts of servants. We became better acquainted with him than most of the Spaniards, as (rare accomplishment) he could speak French. In bidding the ladies adieu, he begged each of us to consider his house, furniture, and all that belonged to him, as our own. This is an etiquette invariably observed towards strangers leaving a Spanish house which they have visited for the first time; it is never after repeated. I proposed accepting only a beautiful diamond pin he wore. If you admire any thing they have, they instantly beg your acceptance of it, which simply means nothing at all, and which you decline with thanks and protestation of regard. Really they do waste a great deal of time making set speeches—the replies must always be fully as long. We all went in the evening to a weekly ball given by a rich English merchant, and danced till two in the morning. The floors are laid all over like white china, which renders dancing about as easy as walking down a slide in a severe frost in Duke Street.

Friday 23d. The gentlemen went out shooting, and returned totally exhausted, with as much game as we supposed they would shoot—none. We sat at an open window all the morning, which looked out close to the deep dark sea, and worked. In the evening, we went out to hear the military band, which plays for two hours twice a week; there were only ten men, and about twelve dark fierce-looking Spaniards accompanied them, bearing lighted torches. It was a dark night, and the scene was romantic. They played beautifully; Italian overtures principally. On our return to the consul's house, three men passed us walking very rapidly; they had smuggled goods; presently three carboneras (the name of the revenue men) came running after them with carbines. We prudently walked out of the way.

Saturday 24th. The gentlemen started at seven in the morning, on another shooting excursion; they returned to dinner, with good appetites, wearied legs, and three pigeons.

Sunday 25th. Dressed in black silk petticoat, black blonde mantilla, high cones, and fan. I went to hear high mass at Santa Marie, the principal church in Alicante. There is a most magnificent altar, with three large pictures representing the usual number of saints, crowns, and angels, hung over it. One gallery was filled with the military band; the centre of the aisle was occupied by Spanish soldiers, and underneath the pillars were ladies and gentlemen; the church was crowded. The military band played an Italian overture, one I knew very well, but forget the name; after this piece of music was finished, a bell rang, the people kneeling and crossing themselves repeatedly. A drum beat, the bell rang again, and again they knelt. Then followed another Italian piece of music; in the middle of this the bell rang. A priest magnificently attired officiated, but from the noise of the music, it was impossible to hear one word he said; he bowed, knelt, crossed himself, turned round, and kissed the altar alternately; all which did not prevent the people from laughing and conversing aloud. There was an immense white marble basin full of holy water at the door. When the second piece of music was over, the devotions were ended. In the evening, went to the masked ball, where there were five hundred people present. We walked through the crowded room, and were teased by the masks.

Monday 26th. After breakfast, took a long walk with the two gentlemen; we proceeded along the sea-

shore, and passed a magnificent quarry at which the convicts work. These men are condemned, some to work for seven years, others fourteen, and others for life; the principal crimes they are condemned for are murder, robbery, and smuggling. They must work thirteen hours a-day, and get but one meal. We passed one ferocious-looking savage, whose time was within a few days of being done; he had been condemned for fourteen years for murder, and I must own the punishment seemed to have had no good effect upon him, but the reverse. In the evening, entertained a party of naval officers at tea.

Tuesday 27th. We were invited by Captain C. to go aboard his ship. At one o'clock Captain C.'s gig rowed us alongside; were hoisted on the deck in a chair—it made me quite giddy. We were taken over every part of the ship, every thing was in the most perfect order; sat down to a grand luncheon. In the evening, went to Mr C.'s ball; one room is invariably appropriated to gambling. You may see old ladies wrembling with anxiety; melancholy sight!

Friday 30th. Paid a state visit to the Swedish consul, and another to Mrs W. A large dinner-party. Went to a ball in the evening; the ball was like all the others, much heat, much noise, flirting, dancing, talking, and confusion.

### LARENCE AND THE BOY.

MOST of our readers will recollect having seen a story in the old school collections, where an indolent youth excuses himself for lying long a-bed in the mornings, on the plea that he had to listen every day before he arose to long exhortations from Idleness and Industry, each endeavouring to gain him as a follower. Something similar to this personification of virtues and vices is prevalent among the peasantry of Somersetshire, as the following amusing dialogue, or rather soliloquy, will show. *Larence*, the personage with whom the boy holds his discourse, is the name which is given, in the county we have mentioned, to an imaginary being who presides over the tide.

Mr Brayley, in whose "Graphic Illustrations" the Somersetshire, assures his readers that it is the history of an occurrence in real life; that the person from whom he derived it knew Farmer Sidball well, and had often heard the story from the farmer's wife. The scene of the soliloquy was a green, sunny bank, near the sea-shore, called the Sea Wall, on one side of which were rich enclosed pastures, suitable for the fattening of cattle. Ben Bond, Farmer Sidball's lazy boy, had the charge of a flock of sheep which fed on the bank, but which had a strong propensity to stray into the richer pastures in the neighbourhood. Ben, at the time of the dialogue with *Larence*, the imaginary spirit of idleness, was about sixteen years of age. He was lying, at mid-day, in the heat of June, on the bank, and Farmer Sidball, who had had some experience of Ben's disposition to take things easy, slept up behind him unperceived. The boy was speaking aloud, remonstrating with *Larence* for not letting him up. Ben might be lazy, but we think the reader will agree with us in admiring his ingenuity. *Larence's* imaginary answers are in Italian.

*Larence*, why don't I let you up? Oot, let I up?  
Now, I be asleep, I can't let thee up at.

Now, *Larence*, do let I up. There, bimby maister! come, an a'll beat I a thin a nitch [a] o' me life; do let I up.

Now, I want.

*Larence*, I bag o'ee, do ee let I up! D'ye see, the sheep be all a breakin droo the hedge into the v'vo-an-twenty yacres, an Farmer Haggit'll goo ta Ld w'n, an I shall be a kill'd.

Now, I want—'tis zoe whitt; besides, I doot I a had my nap out.

*Larence*, I da za, thee bist a bad un. Doot thee hire what I da za? Come, now, and let I scoom [a] w'i; masey upon me. *Larence*, why'n'nt I let I up?

Clis I want. W'hat! masey I ha'n hour like nither v'vo to ala my bird an' chace? I do za I want; and zee 'tis niver-tha-near [a] to keep on.

Maister taw'd, nif I wur a good bway, a'd give I iz awid was- kit; an I'm shover, nif a doo an vine I here, an a g'n out. There's another in the ditch; a'll be a buddied [a] There's a girl [a] o' trouble w'i' sheep; *Larence*; care'n thee let I goo. I'll gee thee a b'penny nif cot let me.

Now, I tell ee I want.

There's one o' the sheep 'pon Ir back in the gripe, [a] an I can't turn aiver. I m'is g'n ta the groun a g' out to'n, an a g'n out. There's another in the ditch; a'll be a buddied [a] There's a girl [a] o' trouble w'i' sheep; *Larence*; care'n thee let I goo. I'll gee thee a b'penny nif cot let me.

Now, I can't let thee goo at.

Maister a'll be shover an come an catch me. *Larence*, ootd thee hire! I da za, cot let me up; I zeed Farmer Haggit zoon a'ter I up, an a zed, nif a voun one o' my sheep in the v'vo-an-twenty yacres, a'd drash I za long as a cood soon aiver me, an w'i a girun seh too. There, zee o'm be a gown droo the v'vo-an-twenty yacres into the hedge; [a] that'll zoon him [a] var arow. That'll be poun'd [a]. *Larence*, I'll gee thee a penny nif cot let me up.

Now, I want.

This not sheep [a] ha got the shab. Dame twa'd I when I up ta da mine the shab-water. [a] I shall pick it in when I da goo whim. [a] I forgot it, maister var desperd cross, an I war glad ta git out o' the length o' iz tongue. I do hate zitch cross vaw-k. *Larence*, what, not niver let I up. There, zee o'm the sheep be agwon down ta *Handy Hans*, w'ithers he gown into *lock-beds*, an zee o'm be in *Handy Hans*; dree or your o'm be gown za var as *Handy Hans*; the ditches be money o'm za dry 'tis all now rangd common. There, I'll gie thee dree hapence ta let I goo.

Why, the harm bin here an hour, an vor what shod I let thee goo? I da za ee still.

*Larence*, why don't I let I up? There, zee ta I, I da hire thee p'ty maid, *Fanny o' Primmer Hill*, a chidin bin I be a-ly'n here while the sheep be gown droo this shord [a] and tother shord, zee o'm a-ma-be a drow'd. *Larence*, doose thee think I can bear the betwitten o' this p'ty maid? She the primrawe o' *Primmer Hill*, the lly o' the evel, the gaw-cup o' the mead, the sweetest hemynuckle in the garden, the yaily viles, the rouse o' rawwe, the p'ty prilyantice [a]. When I zeed ee last, she zed, "Bea, do ee mine the sheep, an za yoes, an lams, an than

zumbody ool mine you." W'i that she gid me a beautiful sprig o' *Jessamy*, list a-pick't vrom the poorch, the smill war za sweet. *Larence*, I mus' goo, [a] I vol goo. You mus' let I up, I ont sta here na longer! Maister'll be shover ta come a drash me. This awid cross fella w'i' iz awid wack! There, *Larence*, I'll gie thee tuther penny, an that's ivry yardn I a got. Oot, let I goo.

Now, I tell thee I ont about a penny moor.

*Larence*, do let I up. Creepin Philip'll be shover ta catch me; this cocky [a]; I d'wont like en at all, a's za rough an za zour. An Will Popham, too, ta betwice me about the maid; a call'd er a rathe-rice lady-buddied [a]. I d'wont mislike the name at all, tha w'i d'wont cure vor'n a str, nor a read moode, nor tha tite o' a pin. What da the call he? W'hy, the upright man, c'as a da ston upright; let'n, an let'n w'as [a] too. I d'wont like zitch horzids, [a] nor singt stick neether; nor cock squallin' [a] nor menny w'ithers ma games that Will Popham da volly. I'd rather zit in the poorch, w'i that *Jessamy* ranglin roun it, and hire *Fanny* zeng. Oot let me up, *Larence*.

Now, I tell thee I ont about a penny moor.

*Benny Pink* an *Nanny Dubby* axed I about *Fanny*. What b'ness ad tha ta up w'i? I d'wont like nor'm. *Girvin Jan*, too, shaw'd iz teeth, and put in his verdi. I wish theore vawk ool mine ther awn consarns, an let I an *Fanny* alooin. *Larence*, doose thee mean ta let I goo?

Keat, w'i'th'ee ge me tuther penny.

Why, I ha'n't a got a v'ard'n moor; oo let me up.

Not about the penny.

Now, *Larence*, do ee, bin I ha'n't naw moor money. I a bin here moor than an hour; whuar the yoes an lams, an all tha tuthermy sheep be now, I d'won [a] know. Creepin [a] Philip ool gee me a l'roopin shover anow. There! I da think I care'd zummot or zumbody awer the wall!

"Here, confound thee! I'll gee thee tuther penny, an zummot besides!" exclaimed Farmer Sidball, leaping down the bank, with a stout silver of a crab in his hand. The sequel may be easily imagin'd.

### GLOSSARY TO THE ABOVE.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| a Inch.                                | m Home.   |
| b Discourse with you.                  | n A gap in the hedge.                               |
| c To no purpose.                       | o Polyanthus.                                       |
| d A drain or small ditch.              | p Must go.  |
| e Suffocated in mud.                   | q A rough, sour apple.                              |
| f Great deal.                          | r A rich and ripe apple.                            |
| g A drove or road.                     | s Wrestle.  |
| h Run.                                 | t Horse-play, or rough sports.                      |
| i Founded, fixed.                      | u Killing cocks tied to a stake, a barbarous sport. |
| k Not sheep means sheep without horns. | v Don't.  |
| l Scab-water, for curing disease.      | w Lame.   |

**CHOKEDAMP AND FIRE-DAMP.**—"I have heard there is some coal which emits, when burning, a gas that is very unsafe." "Yes, there is a kind of coal in Ireland, little known in England, which has this property. It is found in the county of Kilkenny, and called stone-coal, because it resembles blocks of jasper or jet, being very hard, shining, and clean—not soiling, as common English coal, any thing it touches. It has the peculiar advantage, also, of yielding no dense or sulphurous vapour; so that the people of the towns where it is raised and consumed justly boast that they have 'fire without smoke.' This good quality, however, is counteracted by one of a different kind; in the act of burning it emits an invisible gas, which it is highly dangerous to breathe, and which in a close room destroys life, as you have heard the vapour of charcoal does. On entering the town of Kilkenny, in certain states of the atmosphere, on a winter's day, when a great quantity of this coal is burning at the same time, and the atmosphere entirely filled with its vapour, a nervous and very uneasy sensation is felt, and a debility nearly amounting to fainting. I remember on one occasion travelling through in a stage-coach on a very severe day: we all hastened to a large fire which was burning very bright and red in the parlour, and immediately complained that we felt this sensation very strongly; but a lady of the company, who said she was very cold, incautiously remained with her head and hands over the fire, when she was seized with a sudden faintness, and fell as if she was dead; on being brought out to the air she recovered. The people of the inn told us it was not an uncommon accident, and that they seldom lighted a fire at night in a chamber, lest an incautious traveller should be found suffocated in his bed in the morning. If, however, precautions be taken by opening part of the door or window, and a current of pure air be suffered to carry off the foul vapour, there is no danger." "But why do people ever burn this dangerous substance?" "It has many good properties, and is very valuable in a country where fuel is scarce. It is pure and clean, and has not the dirty qualities of some English coal. It is difficult to light; but when once it is ignited, it burns with a very beautiful, ruddy glow, which is communicated to the whole mass, and has nothing of that obscure and dingy light which other coal gives out; the house within is never soiled with soot and ashes, and without the air is clear, and never loaded with those torrents of smoke which you see issuing from the chimnies and darkening the air of other towns. Above all, the heat it gives out is intense, and so powerful, that it performs all the purposes for which fire is used in houses in less time and with a smaller quantity than any other fuel, inasmuch so, that the good people complain that it consumes even their grates and utensils by its violence."—*From a contribution by Dr Walsh to the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1835.*

**ROLLIN.**—Rollin was the son of a poor cutler, who died when his son was in his infancy, leaving his child perfectly destitute. The young Rollin was obliged to work at the forge to gain his livelihood. A good priest, who had observed the intelligence of the boy, and believing that he was intended for something better than a blacksmith, solicited a bursary for him, and was fortunate enough to obtain it. The young Rollin was placed at college when he was about nineteen years of age. His benefactor, the good clergy-

man, had judged correctly of his talents, for Rollin made such rapid progress, that in the course of three years he wrote and spoke the Latin with the same facility as he did French. He became anxious to distinguish himself in many other branches, and in a short time carried away all the prizes from numerous competitors. Amongst his most formidable rivals were the two sons of the President Le Pelletier, Victor and Adrian; and we cannot resist giving the following trait of them, as it does infinite honour to the scions of this illustrious family. Although the two Le Pelletiers found themselves eclipsed by the young Rollin, and that he always obtained the place of *emperor*, whether in poetry, Greek, or Latin, these youths were above the mean feeling of jealousy or envy, that the poor bursar was on the most intimate terms with them, and they were loud in their praises of him to their father. This illustrious magistrate was so much pleased with the favourable account he heard of the young Rollin, that he invited him to dine at his hotel with his sons every play-day. Victor and Adrian, with a deference very flattering to the talents of their schoolfellow, always gave him the place of honour in the carriage when he was *emperor*, and although the modest bursar resisted this, they obliged him to yield, and accept the place of honour, both in the carriage and at table. One day that Victor and Adrian came in the carriage to take the young Rollin on an airing, his mother was greatly astonished to see her son take his place before the sons of the president, and this she instantly remonstrated against. "Madame," replied the eldest Le Pelletier, "our father has arranged it so that we shall take our seats according to the places we hold in the class." Thus it ought to be, that talents and virtue should be respected and honoured, in whatever rank of life they may be placed.

**GRASP OF THE HUMAN MIND.**—Our earth, as is well known, has the form of a spheroid, a little flattened towards the poles. Its radius is about 1500 leagues. The highest mountains do not rise to more than two leagues above the level of the sea, and there are but few tracts naturally situated below that level; and the greatest depths which have been reached by digging in the quarries, and more especially in the mines, do not exceed 1800 feet. The inequalities of the soil, then, are very trifling, when compared with the whole mass of the terrestrial spheroid; and if the depths of the pits dug from the surface strike us with awe—if the elevation of the mountains, whose summits we perceive to be lost in the clouds, confound us with astonishment, it is only because we judge of them by comparison with the extreme smallness of the objects which surround us. The earth, the superficies of which seems so unequal and rugged, would offer to the eye of an individual, capable of embracing the outline at a glance, only the smooth appearance of one of our artificial globes, at the instant when it comes from the hands of the workman who has polished it. Let us suppose the terrestrial spheroid to be represented by a ball three inches in diameter. If we wished upon this ball to figure, in relief, the inequalities which are seen on the surface of the earth, the slightest protuberances, almost invisible to the eye, assisted by a microscope, would represent the highest mountains; the slightest scratch which could be made on its surface would be deeper, in relation to its diameter, than are the greatest artificial cavities in proportion to that of the earth; and the vapours which a single breath would cause to be condensed, would perhaps be too thick to represent the atmosphere, even to the height at which clouds are formed. For us, imperceptible atoms, who vegetate in this slight stratum of humid air, there is no expression to describe our littleness, and the weakness of our means, when we employ them to act upon the globe. Nevertheless, this puny atom has measured the earth, the dimensions of which crush him to nothing; he has measured the sun, a million times greater than the earth; he has calculated the distance which separates it from that orb whose brilliance his feeble gaze cannot sustain; he has recognised in the myriads of stars which sparkle in the firmament, so many other suns spread through the immensity of the universe, around which revolve their respective systems of opaque globes, all of whose movements they regulate. Capable, in his diminutiveness, of raising his ideas to an expanse without bounds, the earth is no more to his enlarged conceptions than a grain of sand lost in the infinity of space. Is there not, in all this, matter for much reflection on the superiority of the human mind, which enables it to comprehend objects of such magnitude, though nature seems to have condemned it to vegetate within so narrow a circle?—*Bertrand's Revolutions of the Globe.*

**FIVE OUTS AND ONE IN.**—A poor Yankee on being asked what was the nature of his distresses, replied "that he had five outs and one in; to wit, out of money, and out of clothes; out at the heels, and out at the toes; out of credit, and in debt." It would be difficult for any of our victims to match this.

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